
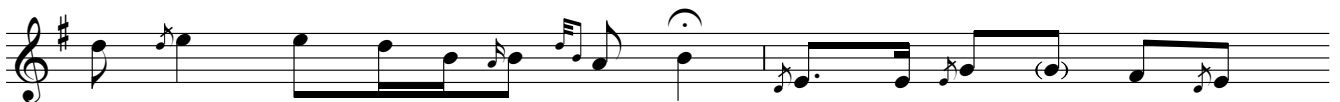


Tha Thìde Agam Éirigh

'Music of the Western Isles: School of Scottish Studies'
Aonghas Coinneach MacIomhair



'S tha thìde ag - am éir - igh ach
'S gos a léir dhomh mo bha - ta 's gun toir
'S mi dol a sheall - tainn air a' ghrua - gaich a bha
'S nuair a ràin - e mi 'm bàil - e cha



a léir dhomh mo bhrò - gan 'S gos a léir dhomh mo
e tac - an a' ròid mi 'S mi dol a sheall - tainn air a'
sa bhui - le na h-òn - ar Ach nuair ràin - e mi 'm
robh 'n taigh man bu chòrr dha Bha mo ghrua - gach dhonn



bha - ta 's gun toir e tac - an a' ròid mi.
ghrua - gaich a bha sa bhui - le na h-òn - ar.
bàil - e cha robh 'n taigh man bu chòrr dha.
mhìn - gheall 's i na sin - eadh san t-seò - mar.

'S tha thìde agam éirigh
ach a léir dhomh mo bhrògan

*It is time for me to rise,
To look for my shoes*

'S gos a léir dhomh mo bhata
's gun toir e tacan a' ròid mi

*To look for my staff
So that it may take me part of the way*

'S mi dol a shealltainn air a' ghruagaich
a bha sa bhuile na h-ònar

*I go to visit the girl
who was in the cattle-fold alone*

Ach nuair ràine mi 'm bàile
cha robh 'n taigh man bu chòrr dha

*But when I came to the homestead
the house was not as it ought to be:*

Bha mo ghruagach dhonn mhìn-gheall
's i na sìneadh san t-seòmar

*My smooth, bright, brown-haired girl
lying in the room,*

'S i na sìneachd fon uinneig
far nach chluinninn-s' a còmhradh

*Lying beneath the window
where I couldn't hear her talk.*

'S i na sìneachd air déile
's i na léine fuar rèite

*Lying on a board in her shroud,
Still and cold;*

Thì a chruthaich na saoghail,
gléidh mi gun dol gòrrach

*Thou who didst shape the world
Keep me from going mad*

Gléidh rium-sa mo chaill
's na leig a dh'iarraidh an còrr mi.

*Keep me from losing my mind
And let me not endure more.*